THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

A MEETING of the General Committee of the Derby Memorial Statue Fund was held on Wednesday at the Carlton Club, the Earl of Harrowby in the chair. It was decided that Mr. Matthew Noble should be entrusted with the commission for executing a statue, and that Sir John Pakington, chairman of the sub-committee, should communicate with Mr. Ayrton, so as to secure a suitable site.

The angry feelings expressed everywhere in Berlin have for their object not only the French Government, but the French people. They must be put under tutelage—is the general cry. The newspapers call Paris a lunatic asylum under an ignorant Italian doctor, who knows no other remedy but bleeding.

According to M. Ollivier, the exact sequence of events which caused the war was as follows. The Prussian King had at first made concessions. This had aroused against him a war party; to conciliate this body he had given France an insult and published it. The Chassepôt must now decide; but as France was united to a man, there was no doubt of the eventual result.

There is a perfect stagnation of business at Liverpool. On the Stock Exchange it was merely nominal, and it was almost impossible to obtain quotations. In the cotton market there was a further fall of fully ¾d. per lb., and the gloom was universal. In fact, during the worst period of the Crimean, American, and Austro-Prussian wars, the Liverpool Exchange was never so utterly depressed. This deplorable state of affairs is due, not only to the political uncertainty, but to the financial disasters on the Stock Exchange and the cotton market. Shipping matters are also at a standstill. Amongst the failures in the cotton market is one gentleman who was worth 100,000*l.* on the first of last January. In the Liverpool docks and the River Mersey there are at present about ten French vessels and thirty of various German nationalities. None of these—though several of them are laden with valuable cargoes—can venture to sail, and, in fact, the German captains have been cautioned not to leave the port by Mr. Burchardt, the Consul of the North German Confederation.

Eleven years ago, when the French Emperor determined to make war upon Austria, in alliance with Sardinia, he was about to operate in a country on the goodwill of whose inhabitants he could safely reckon, and he would have the fortress of Alexandria and the port of Genoa in his rear. Nevertheless he did not think it prudent to enter upon the campaign without making the most ample provision for every kind of want to which his troops might be exposed. Although the army numbered only 160,000 men, tents were provided for nearly a million. The supply of bread to the troops left in France was turned over to the ordinary bakers, so that the Government ovens might be left free to provide bread for the army of the Alps. Besides this provision, rations for 100,000 men, and forage for 10,000 horses, each for twenty days, were collected and deposited in various towns of the kingdom of Sardinia. In prospect of battle more than 300 tons of lint and 1,000 cases of surgical instruments were provided. The reserve of lint and bandages represented 2,800,000 dressings, and the medical arrangements comprised everything necessary for 15,000 sick for three months. Such were but a few of the preparations made for an army of 160,000 men. The organisation necessary for an army of more than twice that strength and in an unfriendly country may be more easily imagined than described.

It may be, writes a French correspondent, that this war fever may eventually do the Parisians good. It may prove a counter-irritant. It may cure them of that other fever of frivolous folly, dissipation, and profligacy, in which they have been indulging for so long a period, and which culminated in the great orgie of 1867. Already I fancy that M. de Cocodis no longer treads the pavement of the Boulevard de Gand, or lounges over the balcony of the Jockey Club with his wonted assertion of fatuous supremacy. He has had a long day of it, and it is time for him to revert to the status he enjoyed under the First Empire; that of the Pekin tumbling before the fierce dragoon who swaggered by, clinking his spurs and threatening to cut off the Pekin's ears with his long sword. Already I fancy that the reign of the Cocottes threatens to lose something of its despotism. I passed a good many of the betting shops which the police have lately suffered to be put up in the most frequented parts of Paris, and some of which are conducted on the very grandest scale. I rejoiced greatly to observe that those gambling dens were all but entirely deserted, save by the "bonnets" and "barkers" attached to them. War is a butcherly business at best; but it has its good side in awakening some feelings akin to seriousness, resolution, magnanimity—manhood, in fine, in the human breast. Too long have a gallant and chivalrous people been the slaves of barbers, cookshop-keepers, and dancing girls, of tailors, fiddlers, and buffoons. That the sword and the spear and the hooked chariot should be brought out again is, no doubt, deplorable; but the use of those implements may prove a salutary change after a surfeit of chicken-skin fans, and long-tailed petticoats, and Grand Stand tickets, and curling-tongs. And, at all events, the war should put an end to the detestable custom of duelling among the French journalists. Are there not the Prussians to fight with? If the gentlemen of the press fall out, let them enrol themselves at the Volunteer bureau in the Rue Dominique St. Germain, and, hastening to the front, blaze away at the common enemy.

As to the supply of news during the campaign, in all probability the public will be kept in grievous suspense, and very tardily enlightened. In the French army certainly no newspaper correspondent of French or other nationality will be allowed at the front. One distinguished officer has distinctly threatened that he will shoot any journalist he may catch in his lines; and although the wording is harsh, we are inclined to believe of him, as the Duke of Wellington said of General Picton, "If he said so, he will keep his promise." During the Italian campaign of 1859 the correspondents of German papers in the Austrian army published the only reliable information the French had as to the movements of the Austrian army. The blunder will not occur again. Chance may bring a newspaper correspondent to the front, but it will be at much personal risk; and both French and Prussians are likely to make short work of any one whom they may find within their lines who is not able to furnish the most satisfactory proofs of the legitimacy of his calling. As to those gentlemen who have a fancy to see the campaign *en amateur*, they may abandon all hope, for governments, generals, and soldiers will do their best to bar their way. It may be right to mention that her Majesty's Government has also prohibited all officers in her Majesty's service from serving with either army, or joining it as newspaper correspondents. The public must make up its mind to wait patiently. It will be admitted to the confidence of the chiefs of the armies when there is no longer occasion for secrecy. It must not attach much credence at present to the conflicting rumours that are filling the air.

The war seems already to have stimulated the German poets, as the war of liberation inspired Körner and Arndt. Here are the first and last verses of a march, which have the true ring.

Nun weg mit Feder und Papier
Und Säbel her und Flinte!
Die deutschen Noten schreiben wir
Mit Stahl und rother Dinte.

Hurrah! Die Trommel wirbelt schon
Trompete blast zum Reigen,
Und tanzen soll Napoleon
Wie wir zum Tanze geigen!

As an instance of the signs of the times, we remark that the keeper of a certain Café Napoleon in Berlin has actually been obliged to shut up shop, so obnoxious was his sign.

One of the latest scenes of Paris Making Ready, was in the Restaurant Peters, on the Boulevard des Capucines—a house famous for American dishes, American drinks, over ornament, high prices, and night scenes that may be briefly described as—the old Haymarket, with modern Parisian manners and graces added. Here Mars appears, with watery eye, and flushed cheek, and uncertain step, in the company of Venus. A young lancer enters followed by a Mabille lady who proudly bears his travelling bag across her shoulder. He chatters incoherently to everybody, and is rallied as one of the old guard. Madame is advised to have a tight hold of her commandant. Next, a bran new lieutenant, St. Cyrien of yesterday; and then young soldiers of all arms, smoking, joking, and shouting for "bocks"—in the intervals of warlike melody—a line of the "Marseillaise," a fragment of "Mourir pour la Patrie!" The ladies are very affable; the young soldiers are quite conscious of the admiration which they are awakening in their character of possible heroes; and the *pekins* are content to furnish the quiet background to the hurly-burly. From time to time a tremendous chorus on the Boulevards draws the whole of Peters' society to the doors, to return laughing, chattering, and singing louder than ever.

An original commentary on the Paris street war cries from an English boy (five years old), who speaks French, "Mamma," said the child, "the people outside cry *Vive la Guerre;* but that is a *bêtise*, because *guerre* means killing, and *vive* means living. How can you say, 'Live Death?'" Is it out of the mouth of this "babe and suckling" that the philosophy of the twentieth century is foreshadowed?

A New York doctor was boasting that none of his patients could complain of his treatment of them. "No," said a rival, "they are all past complaining, poor things!"

A major in the United States Army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played Yankee Doodle. A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune old cow died of. "Not at all," returned the major, "that is the tune the old Bull died of!"

A stirring scene was lately witnessed in the Seine near the Pont d'Austerlitz. The pools in the Jardin des Plantes being almost dried up, the hippopotamus is taken daily in a cart drawn by two horses to the river, and allowed to bathe there, attached by an iron chain. On this occasion, invigorated by its plunge, the animal broke its bonds and struck out into the centre of the stream; the first object to attract its attention was a steamboat, which it started to meet, but the cries of the passengers appeared to intimidate it, as it turned about and proceeded to pay a visit to a floating washhouse, which it almost raised out of the water by placing its head beneath; it next looked in at a swimming bath, which became deserted in a moment. About fifty boats had started in pursuit of the fugitive, and one of its keepers had at last even got on the animal's back, but it dived and so quickly got rid of him. At length, after an hour's exertions, the end of the broken chain was secured, and when it had been made fast to a thick rope the hippopotamus was brought to land and reintegrated in its quarters.

A Temple story has been in circulation during the last few days, which is too good to be lost. Our readers may know that a number of young Indian gentlemen are pursuing the study of the law within that venerable enclosure. Dr. Vaughan courteously invited them to spend an evening at his house, and provided, with his accustomed thoughtful hospitality, such delicacies as he deemed likely to be most enjoyed by them. The time fixed for the interesting party arrived, but nobody came. When half an hour had been thus spent in fruitless waiting, the doctor's lady rang for the maid (a fresh one, not yet quite accustomed to all the ways of the house), whose duty it was to open the hall door. She entered with an air and aspect which gave token that more than the heat of the weather had been exciting her. "Have none of the gentlemen arrived?" "No, please mum, no gentleman has cum; but a lot of impertinent Christy Minstrels has been a-ringing of the bell, which I have been putting away, mum."

An actor, on being called out on his benefit night, said, "Gentlemen, as it is a modern custom to make a speech on a benefit occasion, at your call I appear. I could make a long speech, commencing with 'Ladies and gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,' &c. But that's all flummery. You are here—I have your money, I am satisfied, I hope you are. Good night."

THE HORSES AT OXFORD.

AFTER an absence of thirty years spent in wandering hither and thither over the country, the Royal Agricultural Society revisits its birth-place, Oxford, where, by the title of the "English Agricultural Society," it was first instituted under the auspices of an excellent practical farmer, Lord Spencer. Last week having been devoted to trials of implements, business was resumed on Monday morning with an investigation of the live stock. Punctually at the appointed hour, eight o'clock a.m., the judges of riding horses entered the ring, and the thoroughbred stallions came up for judgment, before Messrs Calder, Robson, and Smith, all North country-men. The whole class was excellent, and it cost nearly an hour and a-half to settle the claims of the competitors, who comprised General Peel's Brother to Schiedam, a brown horse with a light waspy middle; General Peel's Knowsley, the sire of the Two Thousand Guineas imposter Stanley, who resembles his sire, but is not nearly so good; the Earl of Portsmouth's Sydmonton, the Earl of Craven's handsome but short-quartered Blackdown, Mr. Brown's Redoubt, Mr. G. B. Morland's Petruchio, Messrs. Moffat's much improved and taking Laughing Stock, Mr. Gulliver's Chevalier d'Industrie, a gaudy nag, with park action; Mr. Gulliver's renowned General Peel, now of nearly elephantine proportions, and bearing the family coarseness about him, together with the usual shaky Melbourne forelegs; Lord Fitzhardinge's compact but worn Commissioner, showing signs of his hard season, and accredited with a capital foal among the hackney mares; Mr Casson's Sincerity, much talked of, and bringing a good hunting character from Ireland, but looking as if there might be a bar sinister in his 'scutcheon; and Mr. Truelove's Simple Simon, bred by the late Lord Exeter, now one-eyed, hollow backed, 13 years old, and badly gone on his near leg. Captain Barlow's Deerfoot, a great winner in the east of England, did not put in an appearance. Rivalry was soon confined to three of the number, and magnificent Knowsley, the gentle Laughing Stock, and the hunter Sincerity formed a trio of which any Englishman might well be proud to look upon. Over and over again they were paraded, trotted, walked, and admired in repose, and when the two half-brothers were awarded, Knowsley the first and Laughing Stock the second prize, the spectators were satisfied with a righteous judgment, and acquiesced with Sincerity's position of third, notwithstanding that great General Peel stood ready to quote his fine turf deeds as winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, second for the Derby, and second for the St. Leger in Blair Athol's year.

Meanwhile Messrs. Biddell, Turnbull, and Woodhouse had been busy enough with the aged agricultural stallions, not qualified to compete, as Clydesdale or Suffolk, twenty in number, including Mr. Wynn's very fine A 1, a dapple grey, 6 years old, and winner of every previous battle, but destined to succumb to-day to Mr. Welcher's (Mousehall, West Tofts, Brandon) stout, well-put-together Honest Tom, than whom nothing went better, and made the massive A 1 retreat, albeit it was whispered the grey's feet were not of a size. After the inferior horses had been dismissed, the judges selected Honest Tom, A 1, Lord Norreys's Black Prince (high on the leg, but a rare specimen of the shire-bred nag), Mr. Hutt's (Water Eaton) Nugget of Gold, Mr. Manning's (Orlingbury, Wellingborough) Young Champion, and the Rev. J. Hitchcock's (Chitterne, All Saints, Heytesbury) iron-grey Lyon; and, finally, Honest Tom, Young Champion, and Nugget of Gold settled down into first, second, and third, a remarkable circumstance being that all the six best had white hind legs, while Mr. Manning's horse is white all round, and not a very taking horse either, at first sight. The aged Clydesdale stallions were the next to show, only numbering three, of which Aberdeen, belonging to Mr. Atmore Terry, of Weston, Odiham, Hants, was very much what a horse ought not to be; her Majesty the Queen's Sandy, a useful one, but speedily condemned by the veterinary inspector, and ousted; and Earl Beauchamp's superb and commanding horse, Young Lofty, who is as near perfection as may be, and would grace canvas, and thence the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*. The two-yr-old Clydesdales were two only, both belonging to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and neither of them good, though prize winners from the absence of better. The appearance in the arena of the aged Suffolk stallions was the signal for the greatest excitement among the men of the East, and the whole class was indeed most admirable. All are well known in the prize ring, and though there were only five candidates for royal honours, the judges had no small difficulty in solving the question of pre-eminence. Mr. C. Boby (Alton Hall, Stutton, Ipswich) brought Royal Prince, a winner at Colchester, and elsewhere. Mr. Barnett (Stratton Park, Biggleswade) showed St. Edmunds, one of Biddell's breeding. Mr. Rist (Tattingstone, Ipswich) was well represented by Harwich Emperor, heavy with honours at Saffron Walden and Sudbury, and wonderfully improved within the last year, the result of better management. Colonel Tomline, M.P. (Orwell Park, Nacton), exhibited his beautiful three-yr-old Earl, now in array against his father, Harwich Emperor, and fighting again the battles of ten days since in Suffolk; and Mr. G. D. Badham (Bulmer, Sudbury) had but a poor substitute for Chester Emperor in his Hercules, by Royal George, out of an Emperor mare. It soon became evident that the judges must confirm the decision of their eastern brethren, whose verdict of Harwich Emperor first, left the Earl third place here, father and son being divided by Mr. Boby's darker and bigger Royal Prince. Colonel Tomline's colt is remarkably well coloured, red brick right down to his hoofs, with mane and tail to match, and, however judges may assert that colour does not prejudice them, it is manifest that no horse loses by being of a pleasing hue—taking into account his youth, three years, against his father's more matured nine seasons, there is no saying he may not surpass Harwich Emperor, who, by-the-bye, was Chester Emperor's best son, and will probably boast no better scion than the Earl. Mr. Garratt's celebrated Cupbearer, the hero of the late sale, when the Leistor firm ran up to 380gs. to keep him in Suffolk, was unfortunately kept away by a recent injury to his hock from accident. The two year old Suffolks were another glorious lot, including Mr. Rist's Young Emperor, not quite right in his knees, but fairly beating the late Mr. Capon's capital Cupbearer colt, who is a shade coarse in his hocks, but otherwise good all over, Mr. Wilson (Baylham Hall, Ipswich) whipping in with a son of Monarch and Canterbury Pilgrim, who was preferred at Harleston and Saffron Walden; Mr. S. Wolton (Newbourn Hall, Woodbridge) had to be content with a commendation for his chestnut by Abbott, out of Royal Moggy, by Catlin's Royal Duke. Mentioning this pedigree, recalls to mind the lamentable want so often felt by breeders of a stud-book for Suffolk horses, the establishment of which would be the greatest possible boon to all lovers of our best tribe of agricultural horses, and would confer an inestimable benefit upon the country. Coming back to the lighter breeds, among the hackney stallions limited to 14.2 to 15.2 hands high, we find a poor class in which Mr. Grout (Woodbridge, Suffolk), with his flashy Sportsman, beats the more Norfolk like, and quondam prizetaker, Ambition, a red roan belonging to Mr. C. Beart (Stow, Downham Market); Lord Craven's brown Canada being only a moderate one, and going badly. The pony stallions numbered only five, and were as varied in quality as these little gentlemen are ever wont to be; eventually two were picked, of which Mr. H. Roundell (Otley, Yorkshire) eclipsed with his fine easy mover, Sir George, Mr. Allen Ransome's Sudbury winner, the sweet little Perfection; it is a real treat to see these two little horses, and the merit of great courage is due to Mr. B. C. Tipper (Balsall Heath, Birmingham) for sending his very moderate Tom so far from home as a candidate for any prize whatever.

The agricultural mares and foals not qualified as Clydesdale or Suffolk, were next in order, and despite a very large class of twenty, there was no difficulty in placing the meritorious ones, Mr. T. Slatter (Stand-hill, Whitefield, Manchester) coming first with a first-rate chestnut, Fanny, looking like a Suffolk, and wearing a rare barrel, deep back ribs, and capped hocks; Mr. A. H. Thursby (Wormleighton, Leamington) taking third place; Mr. H. G. Coldicott (Lower Heyford, Banbury) splitting the two with a splendid grey, Star, a beautiful specimen. Mr. George Street (Maulden, Ampthill) had another Star, showing much prize character, but the authorities seemed suspicious of side bone, and she was passed by, together with a bad-coloured brown, the property of Lord Norreys. Among the Clydesdale mares, in foal or with foal at foot, Her Majesty took the third prize of 5*l.* with her useful Mary, Mr. R. Waugh (Seathill, Irthington, Carlisle) being first with his brown four-year-old Isabel, and beating Lieut.-Colonel Loyd Lindsay, M.P., represented by his Darling. "Silly" Suffolk had another small but good class, wherein the executors of the late Mr. Capon (Dennington, Wickham-market) carried off the first prize, leaving the second for Colonel F. M. Wilson (Stowlangtoft-hall, Bury St. Edmunds), who exhibited Bury Empress, a daughter of Harwich Emperor, the third prize being withheld, owing to less than the stipulated number (six) having competed. The hunter mares formed another strong class of twenty candidates, of whom Mr. J. T. Robinson (Leckby-palace, Asenby, Thirsk) was No. 1, with his well-known Go-ahead, a good mare with a bang tail, which she wore well, and which caught the eye with a hunter look; she turns in her toes a little, and is not perfect, but is hard to leave. Mr. R. Aldworth (West Hagbourne, Didcot) comes second with a chestnut, Marigold, who claims a nice blood-like foal, spoilt by a club-foot; and Mr. Wheatley Tyndall (Ashfield-house, Lincoln) gains the 5*l.* third place with his brown Heliotrope, by the Don. Mr. J. C. Blake's (Oxford) Canary is a taking, well-topped mare, sadly battered, and has the American-bred Myrtle, by Lexington, out of Evergreen, by Glencoe—an importation, we believe, of Mr. R. Ten Broeck's, and looking more like a half-bred than of pure descent; her shoulders are very long, but somewhat too upright, and she gives the notion of being a useful brood mare. Of the hackney mares in foal, or with foal at foot, a long and wearisome investigation ended in the victory of Lord Norrey's Kate, beating, amongst others, Mr. A. Sheratt's (Oclepitchard, Hereford) Polly, a mare of nice mould, with rather plain, goose quarters, owning a foal, but looking to Hereford as her father, who took second honours; while the Earl of Craven was third with a rather short, but aristocratic chestnut, Nelly, who stepped and went right well. Of pony mares there was only one, giving the judges no trouble, and Mr. G. Bowes Moorland (Abingdon, Berks) took the prize of 10*l.* for his black Topsy, a name which, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has become a very Smith among ponies; this member of a large family is 25 years old, and must be venerable among her kin, who at any rate declined to oppose her. The four-year-old hunters were just fair, not more; and Mr. Grout (Woodbridge, Suffolk) promised to beat them all with his Sudbury winner, Ace of Clubs; but after another fearfully prolonged examination, which tired out the patience of the on-lookers, and evidently did the judges no good, these authorities gave the highest position to Mr. S. Berridge (Drayton Lodge, Banbury) for his black gelding, General, by Big Ben, a great raking goer, who straddled about in unsatisfactory fashion, though neatly handled by Mr. C. Symonds. The Ace was far away the best, but after endless doubting, the monotony of which was only relieved by the disagreeable "hogging" of Mr. Sheratt's George, who succeeded in getting rid of his jockey, to the great amusement of an unsympathising crowd, the unlucky chestnut was elected second, Mr. Sheratt's George third, and a commendation awarded to Merry Maid, the property of Mr. T. Milburn (Grinsdale, Carlisle). Mr. R. Grinham (Shalden, Alton), showed a most excitable mare, Mayfly, who soon worked herself to a frenzied state, and Rataplan had but a poor son in Mr. J. Bennett's (Stowe Castle, Buckingham) Trumpeter, who sadly laboured in his gallop. Mr. J. G. Watkin's (Woodfield, Droitwich) brown gelding by Umpire, went on his shoulders too much to be a comfortable mount; but Mr. W. J. Cheney's (Gidding Grove, Oundle) Roebuck, by Richmond out of Bonny Lass, by Ambrose, was all over a nice one. Ten hunters, of the ages of five, six, and seven years, fought the next combat, or, rather, ten entered, and six appeared, and of these the judges preferred the gigantic Brian Boru, belonging to Mr. J. B. Booth (Killerby Hall, Catterick) to Mr. John Watson's more popular General Hood, by Star of the West, a valuable nag, who was only commended, the first prize winner being followed by Lord Norreys with Strathnairn, a noble weight carrier by Warlike; Colonel Wilson succeeding with his coachy Fenian, an indifferent mover and too lumpy to please.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

A WRETCHED WOMAN.

A COMEDIETTA—IN TWO ACTS.

(*Continued from page 227*).

Enter CISSY.

Cissy. Good gracious, papa, what *is* the matter? We thought it was thieves.

Mrs. Pocklington. Thank God, we have one lamb left! *You* shall never be sacrificed, Cecilia. *You* shall be shielded from the fate of your unhappy sister, at all events!

Pocklington. No, you shall never marry. Better for our last rose to wither on its virgin thorn, than be plucked by the hand of a miscreant!

Cissy (aside). Never marry! And what would become of Hector? *(To Gosling).* What *have* you been doing, Gregory?

Gosling. Nothing! I don't know what it all means.

Pocklington. Cecilia, I forbid your speaking to that man. Retire to your chamber.

Mrs. Pocklington. But heaven will punish you, Mr. Gosling, rely on that *(going).*

Pocklington (going). And we shall be close at hand; do you hear? Close at hand!

Gosling (exasperated). D—d if I know what it all means!

Both the Pocklingtons (going). Beware!

(Exeunt POCKLINGTONS *and* CISSY).

Gosling (alone). Well! If *I* was to go on like that they'd lock me up.

Enter CONSTANTINE *(smiling, and in high spirits).*

Constantine (rubbing his hands). You're wanted at the cottage across the common. It's colder than ever; and has just begun to snow.

Gosling. Deuce take it! I'm quite wet still. There's no end to my troubles. And such a scene as I've had!

Constantine. I heard your voices in angry altercation. It is sad when these tempests sweep over the domestic hearth. You must suffer!

Gosling. I'm bothered with one thing and another, certainly. I wonder what made Araminta so odd! And I who married for peace and quietness! I said to myself: "I want peace, so I'll get a wife." And now! *(Shakes his head ruefully.)*

Constantine. And now the dream has past—the

illusion has vanished—the cold realities of life have chilled the ardent poetry of your youth—your teeth have closed upon the apples of the Dead Sea!

Gosling. No they haven't. Don't go on like that.

Constantine. I sympathise with you, sir: for I, too, have suffered. I have lived to see the curtain fall and the lights put out in the theatre of my life: but a brief space, and the brown holland will cover the boxes, and all will be over!

Gosling. What's the matter at the cottage? I suppose I must go. (*Looks out*). What weather!

Constantine. I don't know, sir. Something infectious, no doubt. What matters! It is the mind which suffers: physical pain would no doubt relieve your overcharged brain—try it. If you come back with typhus—or even hooping-cough——

Gosling. I shan't, if I can help it. And now you go and get on with that blue pill. And don't forget the poor man's plaister for No. 27—nor the powders for the children in the Row—(*Puts his hand on his stomach*). Oh!

Constantine. What is the matter, sir?

Gosling. I feel empty. I have eaten nothing since breakfast. I wonder if I've time to take a chop.

Constantine. No, no! it is a case of life and death!

[*Exit* GOSLING.

Constantine. Blue pill, and poor man's plaister, and—chops! At such a crisis this man can think of plaisters! With the lightning playing about his head, and the earthquake rumbling beneath his feet, he can talk of chops! (*Enthusiastically*). Araminta! I love you! I loved you in silence and obscurity before the haughty druggist bought you with his gold! I love you and suffer. You will not crown my flame, but perchance another voice may find an echo in your desolate heart—some other hand awake the chord.

Enter HECTOR (*in full uniform, with carpet bag in his hand.*)

Hector. Hallo! Hi! Is there no one at home?

Constantine (*turns and sees him.*) Mr. Hector! It is the hand of Providence that brought you here.

Hector. Nothing so extraordinary. It was a city 'bus. What's become of the family? They can't all be in bed at 10 o'clock. I want to see Cissy, and Araminta, and my new cousin. What kind of fellow is the chemist with the suggestive name, eh, Constantine?

Constantine. He will be here presently. Your uncle and aunt are sleeping the sleep of the just. But Araminta watches—a light twinkles through her key-hole—shall I announce your arrival?—Stay (*dusting his boots with his handkerchief*); let me first repair the disorder of your toilette. (*Seizes a brush and brushes* HECTOR *vehemently.*)

Hector. Don't—devil take you, you hurt me!

Constantine. Your manly form is now presentable. One turn to the silken moustache (*twists the ends of* HECTOR'S *moustache*) and we are prepared to charge. I will go and tell Mrs. Gosling that the hero has returned. (*Aside*) It is the hand of destiny! "Mischief! thou'rt afoot! Take thou what course thou wilt!"

(*Exit.*

Hector. He must have been at the spirits-of-wine!

Enter CISSY *and* MARY JANE.

Cissy. Hector!

Mary Jane. Mr. Hector! We didn't expect you till to-morrow.

Cissy. I'm so glad you have come.

Hector. So am I. But you don't look happy? Is anything the matter?

Cissy. N-no, y-yes. That is——

Hector. You've not gone and married any one without my consent?

Cissy (*bursting out.*) Papa says I am never to marry! And says such dreadful things about sacrificing lambs, and burnt-offerings on the altar of matrimony, that I'm quite miserable.

Hector. Upon my word!

Mary Jane. Ah, Mr. Hector! it is a very good thing you have come. There are strange things going on here, I can tell you. I have been made so nervous lately, that I shall be quite glad to have a Volunteer in the house at night.

Hector (*to Cissy*). Don't worry your head about it. We are engaged, and I should like to see who will attempt to take you from me. We *will* be married: the day after to-morrow, at all events; sooner, if they bother us. Trust in me. Sleep tranquilly, Mary Jane. We will form a defensive alliance, we three; and scatter all their projects to the winds.

Mary Jane. Hush! here is Mrs. Gosling.

Cissy. My sister!

Hector. She will be on our side. We will enlist her.

Cissy. Be careful. (*Exeunt* CISSY *and* MARY JANE. *Enter* ARAMINTA, *preceded by* CONSTANTINE, *who points, with admiration, to* HECTOR).

Araminta. Hector! Is it possible?

Hector. How are you Araminta? I have arrived a day earlier than I expected—though later too, I am afraid, than I ought. I hope I haven't put you out?

Araminta (*with emotion*). You are welcome, Hector! How you have grown, and (*bashfully*) improved! And you are unhurt? Your reckless courage has not carried you into danger? Tell me, are you wounded?

Hector (*laughing*). The only fight in which I have been engaged as yet was only a sham one, so I didn't run much risk.

Enter GOSLING (*covered with snow*).

Gosling. Give me something to eat, Mary Jane, or I will not answer for the consequences! (*sees* HECTOR) Soldiers! (*Aside*) what can it be for? (*Aloud*) Stop! Don't tell me; I have it! (*Goes to* HECTOR *and puts out his hand.*) How are you, cousin Hector? (*to* ARAMINTA) I divined it, 'Minta! I divined it! Ha! Ha!

Hector (*to* GOSLING). I am delighted to make your acquaintance.

Gosling. Same here. You look a good fellow. We shall be great friends. Constantine, take the Captain's bag to his room. Mary Jane! (*calls*) supper for *two*! (*Enter* MARY JANE *with supper on tray*). Ah—too late! Never mind, we will share.

Hector. I have supped, thanks. All I want is sleep.

Gosling. Go when you like! this is Liberty Hall. Breakfast at eight, but you needn't come down for it.

Hector. Well, I think I will go to roost, if you will allow me. Good night, cousin (*to* ARAMINTA, *who turns away her head in confusion*). Good night, Gosling. I shall be up in time! good night.

Constantine (*who has been watching them throughout*). She loves him! (*Exit, preceding* HECTOR: *with a candle in one hand and the carpet bag in the other*).

GOSLING *and* ARAMINTA.

Gosling (*following them to the door*). Breakfast at eight; but you needn't come down (*returns*). He seems a good fellow, the captain—I like him. We shall get on famously. (*Tucks a napkin under his chin, and sits down to supper.*)

Araminta (*aside, in a pensive tone*). The hero of my dreams! My red-cross knight!

"Singing of those who, in battle-array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand."

Gosling (*with his mouth full*). Won't you come and pick a bit, dear? Never was so hungry in my life! I've no time to eat, and that's the fact.—I found all the children at the cottage laid up with a bilious attack. Christmas-day, *I* said; and ordered a black draught a-piece, with lots of cinnamon. It's extraordinary how fond they all are of cinnamon.

Araminta (*still in a reverie*). I am enchanted to hear it. It is deeply interesting. Ah me!

(*Gosling pours out a glass of beer and drinks.*)

Araminta. Gregory!

Gosling (*with the glass in his hand*). Eh?

Araminta. Don't you think it might be possible to drink with somewhat less noise?

Gosling. Do I make a noise?

Araminta. You go flok! flok! flok! until I am really afraid people will hear you in the street.

Gosling. Come, you exaggerate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XL.—PRUNE.

First—

Cock Robin sat upon a rail,
And looked up at the moon;
He cocked his eye, and wagged his tail,
And played a little tune.

And thoughtfully began to prune
His plumes, and wet his bill:—
"By Jove! it's getting on for June,
And I'm a *garçon* still!"

J. WREN.

Second—

Poet! produce proper praises for prunes,
Terribly turn thy taught timbrel to tunes;
Reason and rhymes write in rum-running runes;
Maudling, mention much muck about moons,
Sensitive school-girls thus send into swoons.
Or, otherwise, introduce odd octoroons,
Dancing dread dances on Dutch dykes and dunes,
Swallowing syrups and sugar, sans spoons,
Also, ice-creams, if the day's one of June's;—
Anyhow, poet! praise properly prunes!

L. N. P.

[Yet the ingenious rhymer must be reminded that the word is *prune*, and not *prunes*.—ED. *M. A. T.*]

Third—

TO CŒLIA.

In the merry month of June,
When the brooklets fair,
Rippling, murmur in sweet tune
In the summer air;
And the grape-vine and the prune
Wave and ripen there;—
Beautiful this scene may be,
But its chiefest charm is *thee*.

PLANTA GENISTA.

1.
In a bright green wood
Lived a hermit, wise and good;
His domain was small,
But he cared not at all,
As long as he got enough food.

2.
Sometimes from morn till night he went
Without berry, herb, or prune,
And, having nothing then to eat,
Did with his thoughts commune.

3.
In a cottage he lived,
And a garden he had,
Two fruit-trees—a cherry and prune,
And, from sunrise till night,
His greatest delight
Was to sit and whistle a tune.

HERMIT.

Upon the banks of the lovely Rhine,
The husbandman doth prune
The luxuriant growth of his rich vine;—
Little thinks he that soon,
Where hangs the richly-clustering grape
And the delicious prune,
Will martial tramp and nodding plume
The echoes round awake;
That rifle's crack and cannon's boom,
And showers of deadly grape,
Will make each turf a soldier's tomb,
Where, till the day of general doom,
Nought shall his slumber break.

ORLEANS.

'T was in the lovely month of June
That, o'er a little worthless prune,
Commenced the desperate disun-
Ion of Jane and I.

Asked sharply not to importune—
At once my love she did impugn,
And play the shrew, so that the tune
Divorced us bye-and-bye.

BARNEY'S SEE.

A little boy, in passing, soon
Saw an animal like a coon,
A-running up a branch.

So then he made a little tune
On a tom-tom with a spoon,
And waited there until the moon
Shone out in grand array.

And when she shone (I mean the moon),
He threw a thing called a maroon,
Which killed the 'possum called a coon,
And took him home for supper.

HARD-UP.

PRIZE RHYMES TO LIMP.

The following arrived too late for insertion last week:—

The poor little imp
Had been pressed by a crimp,
And sent, when a baby, to sea;
There the luckless young shrimp
Got a fall and a limp,
With a taste for Tri-go-no-met-ree.

CROSSTREE.

It was a pitiful sight to see
That shrivelled little imp—
With skin like copper long washed by the sea—
Bent double, like a shrimp;
And wounded he was in his goat-like knee,
Which gave him a horrible limp.

PLANTA GENISTA.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLI.—KITCHEN.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCIPITER.—Send us your bill. However exorbitant it may be, you could hardly call in the assistance of the beak.

GRACE.—When we *have* received. You give nothing but promises at present.

W. PURVIS.—We have made no purvision for receiving matter of the kind you name.

M. M. B.—The way to pronounce *Geánt des Batailles* is Jong der Batales—more or less. If you are not satisfied with that, go to the seat of war.

CAPTAIN L. B.—You must mean the left Bank of the Rhine—M. Blanc's, for instance.

SPOON.—We hope you are not one of a set. Eleven more of you would set any table in a roar.

E. B. (Harrow).—Diamonds to the first, honour to the second. How much the best of it is yours?

The article of our friend "The Grumbler" had not arrived up to the time of our going to press.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—La Sonnambula. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—The School for Scandal—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Seven.
GAIETY.—Operetta—The Courier of Lyons—Linda of Chamouni. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—A Happy Pair—Paul Pry—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

IF ever there was a fit opportunity for the exercise of that strict neutrality which is one of the things we so often read about, but so very seldom see, it is afforded us by the unhappy war just commenced. It is superfluous to say how great are the claims of each combatant on our friendly consideration and goodwill. With our old ally, Prussia, united to us by tradition, by comradeship, by a common faith, and by family ties of a more than ordinarily significant nature, we have an alliance to look back upon, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. With France, though we began to know her later, we have an equally strong friendship, founded on eighteen years of intimate and loyal regard, during which we have gone hand in hand with her in the march of civilisation. To the personal qualities of her ruler, and his steady friendship for England, may, no doubt, much of this "international" sympathy be attributed; but it is evident that, since the mists of an old barbarous prejudice have cleared, Englishmen and Frenchmen have seen clearly the advantage, almost the necessity, of their natural alliance, and have "fraternised" in more than name. That a war should break out between two great nations, each of whom has such powerful claims upon our affection and respect, is a calamity which cannot fail to weigh heavily on every English heart.

A quarrel to the death between two of our dearest friends is a frightful spectacle. The only alleviation of our sorrow is that we have omitted nothing in the way of remonstrance or entreaty, consistent with our own dignity and honour, which could turn the foes from their suicidal purpose. Unhappily our good offices have failed, and nothing remains but to stand aside, and let the deadly strife proceed without interference. Interference, so far as material or physical action is concerned, is, of course, out of the question, except in the face of eventualities to which it would be unnecessary and indecent to refer; but there is another kind of interference, from the reproach of which we are not altogether free. Ever since the outbreak of hostilities—the precise cause of which is even now imperfectly understood—before even the diplomatic papers on the subject had been laid before Parliament, a large section of the English Press have been betrayed into a spirit of partisanship, which must be regarded by every unprejudiced mind as a violation, in spirit, of the careful neutrality which ought to distinguish us both with the sword and the pen. No one at all familiar with the state of the Continent can fail to understand that the HOHENZOLLERN candidature for the crown of Spain is but remotely concerned with the struggle between the two great continental Powers, which has been imminent from the day after Sadowa. It was the convenient spark which set the magazine in a blaze; but so long as fire was procurable from any source, the explosion was inevitable. If France has urged on the inevitable catastrophe with regretable haste, it is the most that can be alleged against her. The cause was too deeply seated to be really attributable to the "hostile attitude" of the Duc de GRAMONT, or the "neglect of official courtesy" displayed by M. BENEDETTI. The war is the result of the ever-accumulating hatred and distrust which has subsisted between two great rival powers for more than fifty years. The immediate pretext which has called it into existence, if not unworthy of notice, is unworthy of the studied prominence into which it has been forced by the enemies of France.

Comic singing, it appears, is on the wane. The business of the nigger melodists and other delineators is falling off, and the ovations which the well-known "stars" formerly received are neither so general nor so spontaneous as to be encouraging to the artists. Acrobats have now their turn, and are largely employed at the various recreative taverns of the people. There is immense competition in the tumbling trade, and, in order to make a good thing out of it, the performers have to devise very daring feats of muscle and nerve indeed. At the Alhambra, the actors swing head downwards from a trapeze at opposite sides of a large building. A boy jumps towards one and is caught and flung to the other, and then sent twirling back again, revolving round and round in the air during each flight. The skill and certainty with which this trick is done are wonderful, and are not less interesting from the fact that a netting underneath protects the performers from the mischances of a slip. To demonstrate the absence of serious danger to the boy at least, he is allowed to drop, at the close of the spectacle, into the net, where he jerks and dances about in as lively a fashion as a freshly-bagged shrimp. Now, there is only one reason why the same security should not be given to other performers in a similar line. The net, it appears, is an expensive piece of property, and, by a custom of the music-halls, acrobats who require one are compelled to provide it for themselves. It seems to us that the managers of these establishments should see so far after the safety of the people in their employment as to furnish them with a protection against crippling, or even death. Though the tumblers are coming into vogue, their gains are not large, and those who profit so largely by them might, at a small outlay, deprive the exhibitions of their most objectionable feature.

We have lately had two striking examples of the growing disposition of individuals to deprecate the pomp and circumstance with which mankind has immemorially loved to perform the obsequies of eminent persons. One proceeded from a most distinguished man of letters, the other from a statesman who had deserved well of his country. Had they both been of the same condition or profession, we might possibly have attempted to connect their repugnance with those common phenomena. As it is, it may be said that they were in every respect but one strikingly contrasted. One was a politician, the other a novelist. One was a great noble, the other was a child of the people. One was, using the word in its widest sense, of a conservative caste of mind; the other, it was no secret, was in theory an ardent Radical. Only in the view which each took of the ceremonies which succeed to death, they were not divided. They both agreed in begging the world to withhold what THACKERAY called "our tomfooleries" from their remains. We sincerely trust that the sensible example of these great men will do what precept has hitherto so signally failed in doing—eliminate ornamentation from the Shillibeerian science; make the first-class funeral, with plumes, mutes, scarves, hat-bands, gloves, and the rest of the sable absurdities which dog us to our graves, a ceremonial of the past; prevent consolation in the form of crutches in black falls, hats staggering in silk, and Dent's four-and-ninepennies, being thrust on mourners; restore its pristine simplicity to the last scene of all, and prevent our exit being made amid the black fire and funereal tinsel which surrounds that poor little performance. When one considers the very indifferent grace with which so many actors leave the stage whereon they have strutted and fretted their half-hour, the poor quality of their performance, and the utter absence of effect caused by their retirement at the wings, it is ludicrous to think of the pains we take to make it costly. Without going so far as DIOGENES, who expressed his willingness to be thrown on a dungheap, if a stick were placed by his side to frighten the birds away, we might arrive at the sensible conclusion that, provided the requirements of decency be fulfilled, it matters not what becomes of what ANAXARCHUS called our "husk." If our actions

"Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust,"

we have the best ointment possible for our burial. If they have not been those of the just, a dungheap is place of sepulture too honourable.

London Lyrics.

No. 34.

ÆTERNA QUIES.

GIVE me thy hand. Ah—warm, and full of life!
Glad contrast to the slow and fitful tide,
Languidly ebbing through my pulses now,
Soon to be stilled for ever. All around
I feel the chill blast of an icy air
Fanned by the cruel wings of stern disease,
And the pale life-light flickers in mine eyes;
And yet, I know no fear. I cannot dread
To stand upon the shadowy, unknown shore
On which my wave of time is breaking now.
O'er all the wild commotion of my life—
Above the thunder of the rolling world—
My ears have heard a distant harmony
Of angel voices, softly chanting "Peace!"
And ever, through the mists of earthly storms,
Mine eyes have seemed to catch, as yet far off—
Oh—so far off!—faint rays of golden sheen,
Bright shafts of glory struggling down to me,
As from some radiant orb that never sets,
But ever smiles upon a land of peace.
Rest! Rest! I long for rest! O common cry
Of wearied nature and all toil-worn hearts!
That echoes sadly through the universe,
Reverberating 'mid the spheres of Light.
Gazing with calm eyes on man's stone-strewn way—
When shall I find it answered? Narrow grave—
Most voiceless, yet withal most eloquent—
Thou hast the golden key that will unlock
The guarded chambers of life's mystery.
Ah, solemn portal! dreaded, yet desired—
Ope'st thou not visions for these eyes to see
The vast realities of startled dreams,
That ever and again we wake from now?
Is not the text of thy sweet sermon, "Peace?"
Hark to that bitter sob that shakes the earth—
The ceaseless cry of vexed humanity—
The woeful, endless sigh of toil, toil, toil!
Day dawns; the fragrant morn on dewy wings
Flits down from mountain tops to sleeping vales,
Bathed in the radiance of the rising sun;
All nature smiles, and the glad flowers awake
And flood their petals in the welcome rays:
And happy birds, in joyous melody,
Warble their Pæans to the opening day.

The brooklet sparkles to the golden beams,
And the calm face of ocean breaks in smiles,
Kissing the rocky arms that mark its bounds:
The wooded upland and the laughing lawn
Hug to their ample bosoms genial warmth,
And spread their treasures to the wooing orb:—
Man—only man—rising from fevered couch,
Round which the night-winds have mourned restlessly,
Girds up his loins, and, with an aching sense
Of some dull pain that never quits his heart,
Goes forth, all smileless, to his daily work.
Noon comes: the blazing globe is in mid-heaven;
The birds trill lazily in tranquil groves—
The meek-eyed cattle seek the inviting shade
Of some huge tree that hides them tenderly,
And, in its grateful glooming, find repose.
Yet man—creation's boastful lord—rests not,
Save to cleanse from his brow the dropping sweat
Which, in the stern fulfilment of his curse,
Flows o'er his cheek while earns he daily bread.
At last, the western hills are edged with fire,
As slowly sinks the Monarch of the Day,
Unrivalled in his grandeur to the end;
And soft-eyed Eve, girt with her starry robe,
Hovers with dusky wings o'er hill and plain,
And mantles with her stillness half the world.
Then the sad reaper gathers up his sheaves,
And the worn workman hides his tools away,
And wearied man wends slowly to his home,
Stretches exhausted limbs on the hard couch,
And seeks forgetfulness in fitful sleep.
And so from day to day.
Shall I then fear,
Or murmur at the voice that calls me hence?
Thou hast my hand—dost thou feel tremor there?
My pulse beats calmly—weaker, it may be,
Each time the faltering life-blood ebbs and flows—
Not leaping, like to his whom terror frights,
Or whom Despair wreathes round with hopeless coils.
Ah no! I shrink not at the solemn sight
Of those black-veiled gates where now I pause,
And gather up what yet remains to me
Of faint mortality's expiring strength:
So may I boldly sound the thrilling note
That summons from his lair the warder Death,
And stride across the threshold that he guards.
O hark! as one within dark prison walls
Heareth the happy laughter of the free,
And beats against his bars, and yearns to join
The joyous chorus of the unfettered throng—
So from afar I catch soft melodies
Tuned to the golden harps of Seraphim,
And sung by choirs whose mellow harmony
Harsh discord never mars! Ah! nearer now
I hear the voices singing songs of triumph—
Triumph o'er tears and tortures, work and woe.
Lo! the veils part, the sombre gates unfold;
Within a star-browed multitude awaits,
Clad in undying glory—and with smiles
Welcomes the wanderer to the Land of Rest!

The Man in the Stalls.

THE announcement of a new play at the Haymarket, with the title of *Helen Douglas*, had so peculiarly an exhilarating influence upon me, that I determined, on Wednesday last, to become a spectator—the rather, as the unhappy War, which has now began to distract all Europe, seemed to have rendered the reporters of the daily press forgetful of the interesting event. Accordingly, I prepared myself with a breakfast of Dundee marmalade and Finnen haddies, a luncheon of haggis, and a dinner of kail brose, salmon, grilse, and Highland mutton, accompanied by two tumblers of Fairntosh whisky and a few pinches of Scotch snuff, for the office of critic. Recollections of Rob Roy, Jeanie Deans, and "My name is Norval," filled my mind; and I diversified my walk from Camden-town with strathspeys and flings, that I might enter the theatre strongly imbued with a true Scottish spirit. Thanks to the courtesy of the management, the choice of the stalls, three-fourths of the dress circle, and one-half the pit was reserved to me—that is, if I may judge from the countless vacancies in all these parts of the house. I was glad to see the upper-circle was more than a quarter full—a proof that people with passes for two, not admissible after seven, have a strong passion for the legitimate, in spite of the counter-influences of heat, foreign wars, and the quartern loaf up one halfpenny.

Having taken my usual chair in the stalls, I listened to the play. It turned upon the return to Scotland of a good-looking ne'er-do-weel, who had been out on the loose for some years. Before he left the bonnie North, he loved Helen Douglas; but, in his absence, she has married a spoon of the same clan. Robert Douglas does not fancy the arrangement. He might have followed the noble, self-denying example of Enoch Arden, and gone back to his lodgings in the Fish-market to die; but he thinks it better to imitate the example of Richard, Duke of Glo'ster, and slay Helen's husband, to help her to a better. This he does in a wood, where a good duel is fought, without seconds, and Helen's husband is "kilt entirely." But a venerable party in a beard, who mumbled through the play, was a spectator of the combat, and only abstained from "peaching," because he loved the assassin from his childhood. Lady Helen is disconsolate for a time, but by a quarter-past nine (the play began a little before eight) she had taken comfort from Robert's promises, and married him. To say the truth, he was a far better looking fellow than number one, and had a much better part in the drama. But there was a child by the first marriage—one of those offensive, little, artificial girls who are taught to play boys; and this child Helen loves so dearly, that Robert thinks it advisable to have it lost in some deep glen in some remote forest of the old stage type, where a ricketty bridge connects two monstrous boulders, and crosses a pattern water-fall. He accordingly employs an idiot named Archibald, and an Irish-Italian desperado, hight Jerrynimo Kelly—every inch a Fenian of the old school—to *take care* of the boy. Jerry, who is up to the modern system of baby-nursing, prefers treating the child to diluted arsenic; and, forgetting the legal responsibility (*que facit per alium facit per se*), hands the delicate substance to Mr. Wood—the donkey Archibald—to drop into a huge goblet, at a superb spread, at which all the supers of the company assisted. Robert rises, like the Thane of Cawdor, to "drink to the general joy of the whole table," and Archibald is handing the charged goblet to the child to acknowledge the summons, when an old priest or monk—carefully played by Henry Mellon, whose brogue as lovingiy sticks to him as it did when he made his *début*, under Crummles's management of the Olympic, twenty-six years ago—comes from a wing at L. H., and interposes his friendly hand. He takes the opportunity of denouncing Robert as the murderer of the other chap. Robert decidedly rejects the soft impeachment, using, out of compliment to Shakespeare, the more emphatic than polite phraseology of Emilia and Othello: "It's a lie!—a d—d lie!—s'help me, it's a falsehood. Where are your witnesses?" Ha, ha! that's the point; but the pious monk is prepared, and the ancient mumbler, who was blind, and therefore a *spectator* of the fight, is called into court from P.S. In the meanwhile Robert has unconsciously helped himself to a huge draught of wine (small blame to him, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade!) but, unluckily for him, out of the goblet which the boy was to have sipped from, and which Mr. Wood had incurred a penalty by not labelling "Poison." So, just after Charles Sennett, the antique aforesaid, has borne witness, Robert feels the drink burning like mines of sulphur in his epigastric region, and, with a degree of melo-dramatic power which Hicks would have envied, he falls, and leaves Miss Evelyn Douglas once more a widow. Then the green curtain falls—to rise again without being asked, and the band plays, "O where, and O where—" Nobody came before the curtain to acknowledge the dead silence of the audience—an innovation upon a barbarous usage which I highly approve.

And now a word as to the acting, and this shall be serious. Mr. Arnott, who played Robert Douglas, is a disciple of the Macready school. He is energetic, and his acting is unquestionably graceful. A very good figure, and an expressive face, have been bestowed upon him by Dame Nature, and, if he would only be a little more economical of his lungs, the London stage could not show his rival. Miss Evelyn has, if I may say so, entirely mistaken her vocation. Under what elocution master she has studied—by what infatuation she was led to believe that she might safely challenge the verdict of a London audience, I really do not know;—but, in charity, I would recommend a return to the quiet obscurity which hitherto has veiled her from public observation.

As to the play of *Helen Douglas*—the authorship of which is modestly concealed—it strikes me that it must have been found at a butter-shop, amidst the unpublished and unacted dramas of a bankrupt transpontine establishment. It is not good enough for the worst days of the worst theatres. The waterfall, the combat, the poisoned goblet, the lost child, and the comic man (Wood), and woman (Miss Goodall), all smack of the days when Davidge lived and Gomersal flourished. Buckstone should not let his theatre to people who desecrate the stage which a Dundreary treads, and a Madge Robertson decorates.

There are fair prospects for the Globe. It is said that Miss Alleyne has had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. Boothroyd Fairclough, an actor of whom I have already spoken. This looks as if Miss Alleyne, or her manager, Emden, and stage-manager, Walter Lacy—or all three *en petite comité*—had come to the determination to give the public a chance of seeing some of our standard plays well acted. When Mr. Fairclough played *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth*, &c. at the Lyceum, he showed of what he was capable; but, as such excellent plays cannot be satisfactorily performed unless the cast is perfect, it is to be hoped that the management may deem it worth while to revive some of those dramas which, while they centre the interest in one character, contain several others which may be assumed with facility by average actors. I allude, for instance, to the *Mountaineers*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Wheel of Fortune*, *Riches*, &c. The *Mountaineers* is a very pretty drama, and I am sure that Fairclough's Octavius would not be inferior to Edmund Kean's. There are some touching scenes in the drama, and it is interspersed with some very telling music.

A slight attack of—shall we say indolence?—induced by the state of the thermometer, prevented my speaking last week of the amateur performance at the St. George's Hall, for the benefit of some Working Men's Institution. I always approach amateur performances with direful apprehensions of disappointment. Nine out of ten of them I have seen have generally been so bad that my conscience troubles me a little when I recall the numerous occasions on which, like Polonius, I inflicted some of my own essays in tragedy and low comedy on a long-suffering community. But I suppose my acting must have been something out of the common, for to this hour the peals of laughter ring in my ears which marked the public appreciation of my Macduff. In that pathetic scene where Rosse tells of the murder of the Thane's wife and small encumbrances, my affecting reference to the "little chickens and their dam" was received with an explosion of vulgar mirth. It was, to say the least, very unfeeling on the part of the boxes and pit, to evince so little sympathy with Macduff's sufferings; but that was not the fault of my performance—by no means. You cannot plant sentiments in hearts steeled to the serene contemplation of human agony. However, in spite of the chilling effects of souvenirs, I went to the St. George's, and was agreeably disappointed. There was, probably, a tendency to exaggeration in the broad comedy of the gentleman who took upon his shoulders the chief burden of the old farce of *A Thumping Legacy*, but *The Rightful Heir* was very well performed. It is not an agreeable play, and made little or no impression when Herr Bandmann enacted the hero. The greater credit, therefore, is due to Sir Charles Young, who was really admirable in Vyvyan, speaking the level lines with good emphasis and discretion, and delivering the passionate speeches without rant or uncalled-for vehemence. He was well supported by Mrs. Hermann Vezin. But as I walked away to Véry's to eat an ice and a wafer, I could not forbear muttering to myself, "Sir Charles would be seen to more advantage in a play more worthy of his talents." I don't think he heard me, and it is quite possible he may not read these lines. Anyhow, "them's my religious sentiments." If he intends to appear again, and would honour me with

his confidence, I would exactly place him. He is not an every-day actor.

Legitimacy must be determined to assert itself when we find it assailing the stronghold of burlesque, tearing Folly's cap and bells and motley suit from the heads and back of the wearers, and clothing them in comedy garments; I read the announcement of the *School for Scandal* in the bills of the Strand theatre four times before I could convince myself I was not labouring under some horrible delusion. To make sure that Miss Swanborough was not "funning" I went to the little theatre, and witnessed the struggle of legitimacy to secure a footing. The experiment was quite novel, and, wonderfully successful. The actors burlesqued the comedy without altering a single line or changing a single situation! I could not have believed that there existed on the English stage talent enough to make Sheridan ridiculous. But I have seen it, and I know. O Mr. Terry!—O Miss Fowler! when will you play *Macbeth* together according to the original text? If you will only be as much in earnest as you were in the comedy, and my doctor should prescribe a dose of violent mirth, I will not fail to go and see you.

Mrs. John Wood closed her first season at the St. James's on Saturday last. On the previous night the house was, as usual, very sparsely attended. With Mrs. Wood away went *La Belle Sauvage*, and all the excellent fooling of Lionel Brough, who must have made a capital clown in the provinces. Likewise departed the very grave Mr. Barton Hill, who was quite out of place in Powhattan, and Mr. Young, with his absurd song of "The Little Wee Dog," to which the music-sellers have given a most unmerited vogue. I thought we should have had no more of *Paul Pry*, but John Clarke, who is among our best low comedians, was suddenly smitten with a desire to "intrude," and he has not added an atom to his reputation. What he loses, however, in the absurd old comedy he fetches up as Gaiters, in the farce of the *Bonnie Fishwife*.

And so John Cooper is gone, following closely upon the heels of his old friend and brother-actor, James Vining. There were no two actors who were more acceptable on the stage (and off it too!) as gentlemen. Each began with the intention of becoming leading tragedians, but, after a few feeble attempts, each dropped into his proper place as good seconds in tragedy and high comedy. So true it is "*Tel brille au second rang qui s'eclipse au premier.*"

I hear the Holborn Amphitheatre is worth visiting. There are no 'osses just now, but some capital ghost effects and other pleasant illusions. If I can crawl as far, and am not sent for by either the *Konig* or *L'Empereur* to aid them with my friendly counsel, you shall hear about the shadows, &c. in my next.

The opera season closes with a "brilliant display of fireworks"—in other words, with a perfect *éclat*. The opera of *Mignon* has given vogue to Ambroise Thomas, and convinced the admirers of the perfection of lyric art that there is nothing beyond the grasp of Mdlle. Nilsson and M. Faure, in their several lines. Each is a thoroughly great artist. I do not care that they should continue in London, while it is impossible that I can go to hear them; but they shall be welcomed heartily on their return next season.

Ten shots per minute can be discharged from the Chassepôt rifle, time being allowed for raising it to the shoulder: twelve if that movement is dispensed with. As far as breech action is concerned, the Chassepôt is only a trifle better than the original needle-gun; it is a shade quicker in loading, and has a shade less "crachement," or spitting, than the needle-gun, and so disturbs less the aim of its firer, but in the barrel, it is all Lombard-street to a China orange on the Chassepôt. The needle-gun has a barrel designed long before 1860. The French barrel was blocked out with all the superior science of 1866. The needle-gun has a poor trajectory at anything like a decent range (500 yards), and wounds rather than kills; the Chassepôt bullet, driven by a huge relative charge of powder, has a magnificently flat trajectory, and, flattening out, makes a terrible hole. There are certainly some improved needle-guns; but an arm must be re-designed, not patched, to secure victory. With regard to British arms, the Chassepôt has an inferior breech action, but an infinitely better barrel than the Snider; while it is in all respects below the Henry-Martini, of which we have only 200, and these hand-made.

UNFORGIVEN.

Look on me, though but coldly; though thine eyes on me may fall
As wintrily as sunbeams on the pale and lifeless snow;
Although their stern, unpitying glance may serve but to recall
The tender light that filled them in the glad time long ago,—
A tender light, a tender time I never more shall know,—
Look on me!

Speak to me, though but harshly; though the strain I long to hear
Breathe but imperfect music,—but a soulless note awake;
Though the voice that once, how gently! poured a love-song in my ear,
Be set to words so cruel that my weary heart may break,—
I will listen; I will hear them; I will love them, for its sake,—
Speak to me!

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

SEATED by a babbling brook—poetry for duck-pond—one hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Covent-garden, prostrated by the heat, and out of the reach of reprisals, I decline, respectfully but firmly, to enter into the question of the Goodwood programme. It is too hot to argue, or to banter one's self with weights. Measures, indeed—imperial—would be germane to the matter; but of them more—much more, I trust—hereafter. To the sordid minds, anxious to put money in their purses, I will repeat, that Toby, as I told them weeks since, will win the Goodwood Stakes; and Sabinus will be first, and Siderolite second, for the Goodwood Cup. A writ would get nothing more out of

FORECAST.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

A general meeting of the Jockey Club was held on Saturday afternoon, at Messrs. Weatherby's office, to take into consideration the Report of the Committee appointed "to inquire into the present state of the Turf." The resolutions adopted by the said Committee were not all confirmed, the following showing those that were carried and those that were rejected. Sir Joseph Hawley's and Mr. Chaplin's amendments, we may add, were withdrawn or negatived:—

1. Neither the programme nor the result of any flat race meeting in Great Britain shall be published in the Official Racing Calendar, unless the said meeting is advertised to be subject to the established rules of racing as settled by the Jockey Club.—Carried.

2. Any horse running for a flat race on any course where the programme is not previously published in the Official Calendar, shall be disqualified from entering or running at any meeting where the established rules of racing are in force.—Carried.

Any jockey riding at a meeting not advertised as required above, shall be disqualified from riding at an authorised meeting, unless the Stewards of the Jockey Club shall see cause to relax this rule in any special case.—Rejected.

3. No plate, or prize, shall be advertised of smaller value than 50 sovs., clear of all deductions.—Carried.

4. When the public money added to a sweepstakes is less than 50 sovs. all forfeits and entrance-money shall go to the winner, or some other horse engaged in the race.—Carried.

5. No race meeting shall commence before the week which includes the 25th of March, or continue beyond the week which includes the 15th of November.—Carried.

6. To substitute for Rule 59—Any horse entered for a selling plate or stake is liable to be claimed before the race by the owner of any other horse in the race for the price for which he is entered to be sold. The claim must be made, in writing, to the clerk of the course one clear hour before the time fixed for the race. If more than one claimant, the stewards, or some person authorised by them, to decide by lot. The successful claimant not allowed to run the horse for this race, and to be liable to the payment of any entrance or forfeit that has been paid, or may be payable on this race. The horse must be paid for within half-an-hour after the claim is decided, to the clerk of the course, and, in the event of the claimant not paying for the horse within the appointed time, the owner to keep possession of his horse, but not allowed to run for the race. The claimant to be liable to a fine of half the claiming-money to the owner, to be held a defaulter until the same is paid, and not allowed to run his own horse for the race. A claim once made cannot be withdrawn. After the race, any horse running for a selling stake or plate is liable to be claimed by the owner of any other horse in the race for which he is entered to be sold, and the amount of the stake—the owner of the second horse to be first entered to claim, and the others in the order in which their horses are placed, and the winner to have the last claim.—Rejected.

7. Rule 21 to be altered as follows:—Every person who wishes to engage his horses in any other name than his own must assume some one other name, which must be registered annually at Messrs. Weatherby's office: a fee of 1 sov. to the Bentinck Fund must be paid at each time of registration, and he must run in that name only. No person to change his assumed name, once registered, under a penalty of 10 sovs. to the same Fund. The person registering the assumed name shall be considered, in all respects, as the owner of the horse entered in it, and, in the event of the forfeit not being paid, his real name shall be published in the Forfeit List. No person shall register as an assumed name that of any person who runs his horses in his own name, or an assumed name previously adopted. Any horse running in any other name than that of his owner shall be disqualified, unless the name is registered as above. This rule not to prevent a person who has subscribed to a stake from giving his nomination, provided the real or registered name of the owner appears in the entry.—Carried.

8. That the 1st of May be adhered to as the earliest date at which two-years-old may run.—Carried.

9. No two-years-old to run in any handicap before the 1st of October, and then only with horses of the same age.—Carried.

10. No two-years-old to run in any plate or stake with older horses before the 1st of October.—Rejected.

11. No two-years-old to run more than six furlongs for any plate or sweepstakes.—Carried.

12. The nominations for handicaps not to be published before the weights. The acceptances for any free handicap, and declarations of forfeit for any other handicap, in no case to be published earlier than the Thursday immediately preceding the week in which the race is run.—Rejected.

13. No three-years-old, or upwards, to run a shorter distance than five furlongs for any plate or sweepstakes, and Rule 40 of the Jockey Club to be repealed.—Carried.

14. All entrances to plates, and all forfeits under 5 sovs., shall be paid at the time of entry, or the nominations shall not be received. The person appointed to receive nominations is responsible for the due execution of this rule, and no forfeit of less amount than 5 sovs. shall be published in the Forfeit List.—Carried.

15. That the practice of allowing post entries be discontinued.—Carried.

16. Upon the request of not less than twenty members, given in writing to the Keeper of the Match-box, the Stewards shall call a general meeting of the Jockey Club in London within twenty-eight days of such requisition being presented.—Carried.

17. That a committee, consisting of the Stewards and two other members of the Jockey Club, be appointed to suggest a scale of weight-for-age, according to the distance and the time of year, and that the same be published in the Racing Calendar, for the guidance of Stewards and Clerks of country meetings.

LATEST BETTING.

STEWARD'S CUP.

9 to 1 agst Tabernacle (taken and offered).
100 — 8 — Badsworth (taken and offered).
100 — 8 — Albuera (taken and offered).
100 — 6 — Ida (taken).
100 — 6 — Vandenhoff (taken).
100 — 6 — Heather Bell (off.; 20 to 1 taken & wanted).
25 — 1 — Lady Sophia (taken).
25 — 1 — Moorlands (taken freely).
25 — 1 — Bosworth (taken).
25 — 1 — Tibthorpe (offered).
25 — 1 — Knutsford (taken and offered).
30 — 1 — Adelaide (taken and offered).
33 — 1 — Hawthornden (taken).
33 — 1 — Typhœus (taken).
33 — 1 — Lord of the Valley (taken).
33 — 1 — Rupert (taken and offered).
40 — 1 — Podista (taken).
1000 — 20 — Maid of Athol (taken).

GOODWOOD STAKES.

5 to 1 agst Capitaliste (taken and offered).
8 — 1 — Toby (offered; 100 to 12 taken).
9 — 1 — Indian Ocean (taken freely).
9 — 1 — John Davis (off.; 10 to 1 taken and wanted).
10 — 1 — Prince Henry (offered; take 12 to 1).
100 — 7 — Miss Sheppard (taken and offered).
100 — 6 — Paganini (offered; 20 to 1 taken).
20 — 1 — Sweet Sound (offered; 25 to 1 taken).
33 — 1 — Chivalry (taken).
50 — 1 — Sulphur (taken).
100 even agst Capitaliste running in the first five (taken)

GOODWOOD CUP.

70 to 40 agst Sabinus (taken and offered).
4 — 1 — Siderolite (taken and offered).
8 — 1 — Pero Gomez (taken and offered).
10 — 1 — Sweet Sound (taken and offered).
11 — 1 — Musket (offered).

ST. LEGER.

2 to 1 agst Kingcraft (offered).
8 — 1 — Palmerston (offered).

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles) ..... Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles) ..... Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)..... Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Thurs.,August25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)... Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)... Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)... Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs) ..... Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ... Tuesday, Oct. 25.

SKETCHES FROM THE ROW.

"YOU see that grand-shaped grey," asks the habitué, "ridden by the tall, handsome man? What a hunter the horse looks like! and well he may, for he carries as good a sportsman as ever crossed pigskin. Should your luck some day take you to Deighton Bar or the Wild Man, with hunting thoughts intent, you will probably recognise him as the Master of the Bramham Moor. Who is that with him? Ay, another welter weight, and, as you may swear, a sportsman. He is also an M.F.H., who for years has hunted part of Oxfordshire, and is so fond of pace that he has his pack drawn fine as racing greyhounds. I wonder if his famous black-brown, nicknamed 'The Cart-Horse,' is still going! Coarse as he looked a few years ago, nothing could catch him through the Vale. Probably, those men carry as much hound-lore as any two in England; and you may almost swear that their talk is of the chase and their hearts once more in the merry woodlands.

"Even they could scarcely pick out a weak place, in one of the entry, with more certainty than the elderly peer, riding a hunter-like brown horse away on the right, who has just, to the regret of every one, vacated the oldest and one of the most noted hunts in the Midlands.

"Strange how like will cling to like: see, here are another couple of Masters from the west countrie, where they hold high revel amid the woods and banks of Devon and Dorset. The fair one is but young in hunting annals, yet he has made a name that may rank with Meynell, Musters, and Osbaldeston in hound breeding; and in years to come posterity will read with wonder of Lord Poltimore's sale.

"He on the clever white-legged bay has just successfully finished his first season of Mastership in Northamptonshire; while in the brown mare, ridden by his wife, none will fail to recognise the clever animal on which she is represented in this year's Royal Academy.

"That man on the thoroughbred bay, talking to a lady," continues our friend, "is one of the finest riders in England, and who steered Alcibiade to victory for the Liverpool Steeplechase in 1865; while, curiously enough, on the grey stallion hard by is his opponent, the rider of Hall Court. That head-to-head struggle was somewhat different from the easy saunter they indulge in now: in marked contrast, by-the-way, to young Figgins, of Friday Street, who, snob-like, all patent boots, spurs and nosegay, gallops as if he were going for a doctor or monthly nurse, or had hired his hack by the hour and feared he should not get his money's worth out of him. Ah! hats are raised, the Prince is coming. No, it's not; but in the pale tired-looking man who sits loosely on his chesnut, evidently riding only for air and exercise, we recognise the author of 'Juventus Mundi;' and, although he does not look as if he had seen many foxes found or run into, all respect the erudite scholar and profound statesman, whose very recreation is a labour beyond the reach of common minds. By-the-way, could he not tell the First Commissioner of Works that the puffing, snorting engines in the Serpentine are a public nuisance; and that the Row would be as pleasant were it watered before the riders come into the Park, instead of after they have left it? Verily, the how-not-to-do-it-properly system prevails here as elsewhere. We shall see the whole of the Ministry soon, for here comes the man on the grey who is adroit enough to make us our own tax collectors; and hard by is the Speaker, who, difficult as he avers it is to get good horses, has managed to mount himself pretty well. But there, on a hack, cantering, just as he should do, is the Master of the Buck-hounds, who looks as fresh as in his old Oxford days when the followers of the Drag hailed him as their Master. He is greeting as smart a little lady as ever donned habit, and a right good performer with the Royal pack, where she holds her own with the best of them. Beyond her, again, is the Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland, whose thoughts appear to be still far away in the colonies.

"The legislature are in great force to-day, for there comes the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on a somewhat leggy but grand-stepping hack, followed by the members for North Hants, Rochester, and Sandwich—all somewhat welter weights, and the facetious member for Waterford, whose grey is decidedly the best walker in the Row. Also, well-mounted, as he always is, you see one of the Burton kings, whose name has brought comfort to the thirsty soul, from the equator to the Pole.

"Of lawyers," continues our friend, "we are sure to see plenty, as the Courts are not sitting now, and they are making whole holiday; though you would scarcely take that stout, jolly, healthy-looking man for a learned Q.C.: he appears more like enjoying a bit of hunting than handling a brief. Riding with him is a dapper little Judge, and another of her Majesty's Council, and you may lay your life they are talking 'shop'! if looks go for anything, his lordship would sit in greater comfort and far more safely on his bench in the Common Pleas than outside a fidgetty, jumping hack; while the learned gentleman who has just joined them evidently took to the saddle late in life; his seat and style savour of the foreign school, and he would look more at home in the Bois de Boulogne rather than in the Row. There is another silk gown, on the well-bred bay, but he wisely avoids the companionship of his brethren and seeks that of the fair sex, with whom he is evidently a favourite."

"Who is the cadaverous-looking gentleman?"

"He is said to be a London incumbent, and not of a very high order, unless he preaches better than he rides; but, for the sake of his congregation, we will suppose he is more at home in the pulpit than the pigskin: you may see at a glance he takes his horse exercise medicinally. Not so the member for Tamworth, though, who has strangely 'let out' since the old Anton and Ariadne days, and wants a weight-carrier now.

"Come along," says our friend; "the band is striking up; and every one is going to hear it: when they are settled we will renew our observations."

"First we catch Newcombe Mason, grimly smiling, as he listens to the music beneath the shade of a tree; while hard by, fresh from schooling a young chesnut, is Mr. Reynolds; and the Cheltenham Master of the horse pats the neck of his clever grey—a prize-winner at Islington, and report says bought for 300*l.* to go to Belgium. Not so, however, Mr. Sago, of 'Digby Grand' notoriety, who has no time for loitering, but, putting his clever hack in motion, takes the neatest of boots and breeches and the best 'show hands' in London back to Piccadilly. Looking every inch a horseman is the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and no one enjoys a good day with hounds more than he does. There is rare riding blood in the veins of the tall man on the big bay, whose legislation for the protection of our *sea birds* has won him the hearts of all true lovers of Nature. The smart piebald carries a fine horseman, and few men with finer hands ever crossed a pasture. He was for years in the first flight with the Pytchley, and had the happy knack of making his horses do just what he liked. Rumour says—and I am sorry for it—that he is about to decline fox-hunting in future. Near him are a couple of faces also very well known in the Shires, the father and sister of one of the gentlemen riders before noticed, while the little boy on the very small pony with them is already educating for a like career. Leamington you see represented by the dark, determined-looking man on the long-striding chesnut, who gets his legs well under him; and the pair are bad to beat, when hounds go over Warwickshire or Northamptonshire. His friend, on another chesnut, and a very neat one, also winters at the Spa. The neighbouring country is well represented by one of the new Masters and his wife, who both look, however, as if they thought the Row, even when mounted on the smartest of hacks, was slow when compared to following his colleague and the pack across the Atherstone pastures in a quick thing from Wolvey or Attleborough Gorse. The blood bay, on which another aspirant for honours in the rank of Masters sits so easily, would apparently not be by any means out of place at Melton, where his rider is beginning right well. There is a face—with the well-curled whiskers, the one on the big bay mare—you may often see in the windows of a Club in St. James' Street, or when the hounds meet near Weedon, but very rarely for long after they have found and gone away. Solemn and sad in mien sits that magnificent horseman, the owner of Fawsley, though a fast twenty minutes from Badby Wood would be more to his taste than this style of thing; and, as birds of a feather flock together, hard by is a nobleman of whom 'Baily' gave an admirable portrait last year. He was six seasons Master of the Pytchley, and is a regular attendant with that pack and Mr. Tailby's now, though not often seen riding in the Row.

"On a very neat chesnut pony is a gentleman from the same locality, accompanied by his wife, who even here looks like hunting, and dresses in such a workmanlike style that you may be sure she would willingly exchange the *dolce far niente* of Hyde Park for a scurry over the Northamptonshire pastures, from Watford or Crick Gorse. Ay, here is another, too, who, despite his weight, sees as much hunting as most; who knows the country, and is well known himself with the North Warwickshire, as was the grand grey weight-carrier he now bestrides with the Quorn, where he belonged to one of our oldest and best sportsmen. With him are his wife and daughter, also frequently seen at the covert-side. The two you see so superbly mounted are now regular Meltonians, where they have one of the finest studs ever got together, and are also men of mark in Cheshire; and their friend conversing with them is a man Lord Gardner pronounced, some years ago, the best young one he had seen in Leicestershire for a long time; which character he has fully realised by steering many a horse to victory: there is no mistake as to his being a workman. Leaning over the rails, listening to the music with that resigned and calm air which ever seems to pervade him, in the broadest and whitest of waistcoats, is Great Tom of Wansford.

"But the band has ceased, and as the riders once more circulate we can, as we leisurely stroll to the upper end, again note their different styles. Here is one well worth looking at—that man so elaborately got up, with well-curled moustaches, who sits his brown horse like a pair of tongs, and whose object appears to be to make him canter round a cabbage-leaf. If slowness in that pace is a success, he certainly has achieved it—perhaps by his peculiar method of holding the reins apparently in his waistcoat pockets, which is unique if not elegant. There is another character—the welter weight powdering along on the big bay, his coat thrown open and perspiring at every pore. He is evidently out for strong exercise, and to work off the claret. Formerly he went well to hounds, and was known in Leicestershire in Sir R. Sutton's day, but now his performances are limited to the Row.

"Of a different class is the healthy-looking old gentleman on the finely-shaped grey mare; and although it is scarcely credible, the pair average just a hundred years between them. There is no better-looking nag here than the chesnut on which his servant is mounted, nor one more worthy of carrying in your eye when intent on purchasing a Park hack. Both master and man are as well known at Brighton in the autumn as here during the spring and summer.

"You want to know who that is bumping in his saddle with his legs stuck out like stilts, belabouring his unfortunate bay with a cudgel like a quarterstaff, which liberty the latter resents by an occasional heave-up behind, albeit he is forced into the most extraordinary run mortal beast ever achieved. So did I long since; and appealed to one of the Park policeman for information concerning this eccentric horse and his rider, but the only intelligence available was, that he was known by them as 'our old A number 1.'

"Do not overlook his immediate follower, whose face is well known to all frequenters of the Park. He used to be seen swimming in the Serpentine at seven o'clock in the morning, riding at twelve, and driving in the afternoon and evening. His neighbour on the strong cobby bay, which he is sending along right merrily, is a noble lord. You want his name, eh? Well, book him as Cavendish Square.

"Let the ladies now claim our attention; and first notice the one in a grey habit trimmed with black, which at a little distance gives her wonderfully the appearance of a skeleton. She is the widow of one of the most dashing cavalry officers and finest riders ever known, while the charger-like chesnut that bears her is worthy of such a burthen. That quiet-looking little lady on the black comes from the Isle of Anglesea, but she can take care of herself over any country.

"There also, on the neatest of bay horses, with capital action, is one I have seen on many a racecourse, who used to be known by her intimate friends as Healthy and Wealthy. She knows how to ride, and how to dress for it: a knowledge not quite so universal amongst the sex as may be imagined. See, there is a young lady behind her on a capering grey Arab, who is here, there, and everywhere, which she sits cool as a cucumber, seemingly well pleased with the exhibition of herself and steed. It's a matter of taste, but smacks too much of the sawdust to be in place in the Row, according to old-fashioned notions. By the powers! talking of ladies, I had nearly overlooked a once well-known Leicestershire one (until last season), on that 'love of a chesnut;' and pretty Mrs. B——, who goes so well with the Baron and Selby Lowndes—an omission that would have been unpardonable. She can ride!

"Do I know the man on the blood bay riding with very long stirrups? Yes: he is to be seen season after season at Homburg, Baden-Baden, and afterwards on the Boulevards, where he is quite at home. His present companion is a popular Yorkshire baronet, who dislikes riding alone, and generally, like a sensible fellow, has a pretty companion.

"We must not quite overlook those on the side-walk, and here are a couple—Jemmy and Jessamy, I call them—got up regardless of expense. They are in in the Park every day and all day; they don't walk, neither do they talk, simply contenting themselves by sitting and staring. Go to Scarborough or Baden later on in the year, and probably you will see them there as silent and absorbed as ever; so that I suspect, like the parrot, they must think the deuce of a lot."—*Baily's Magazine.*

The personal property of Mr. Charles Dickens is sworn under 80,000*l.* The will is written in blue ink, and occupies a whole sheet of ordinary letter paper. The following are its concluding sentences:—"I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner; that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial; that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed; and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me; in addition thereto I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Last Night of the Season. THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 23, will be performed (for the second time these four years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'ETOILE DU NORD. Catarina, Madame Adelina Patti; Echimona, Mdlle. Olma; Natalia, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Prascovia, Mdlle. Madigan; Pietro, Signor Cotogni; Gritzenko, Signor Ciampi; Rainoldo, Signor Capponi; Giorgio, Signor Marino; Tcheremetieff, Signor Caravoglia; Yermoloff, Signor Tagliafico; Ismailoff, M. Morgan; and Danilowitz, Signor Naudin.

On this occasion the Opera will commence at eight o'clock.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements.—The Season will terminate on Saturday, Evening, July 30.—Last appearance but one of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, previous to her departure for America.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 23, will be produced (for the first time in England) Wagner's Opera, L'OLANDESE DANNATO (Der Fliegende Hollander). The Italian version by Signor Marchesi. L'Olandese, Mr. Santley; Erik, Signor Perotti; Daland, Signor Foli; Il Timoniere, Signor Rinaldini; Maria, Madame Corsi; and Senta, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, July 25 (last time this season), Rossini's Opera, OTELLO. Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Rinaldini; Iago, Signor Raguer; Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her last appearance but two).

Tuesday, July 26, second and last performance this season of Wagner's Opera, L'OLANDESE DANNATO (Der Fliegende Hollander).

Thursday, July 28 (last time this season), Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Perotti; Raimbaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Alberti, Signor Ragues; Cavalieri, Signor Archinti, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fay; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her last appearance but one).

Saturday, July 30, the last night of the season, for the Benefit of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and positively her last appearance previous to her departure for America.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss M. Young, Miss R. Erskine. At 9.45, THE ROBUST INVALID. Mr. Vining, Messrs. Sinclair, Kyrle, Pearce, Worboys; Misses Florence Terry, Constance Georgi, P. Glover, and Mrs. Seymour.

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GAIETY.—7.45, COURIER OF LYONS.

GAIETY.—Drama, by CHARLES READE, in three acts. This play was one of the most popular in the repertory of the late Charles Kean, and is revived with the kind permission of Mrs. Charles Kean.

GAIETY.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN as Dubosc and Lesurques.

GAIETY.—10, LINDA OF CHAMOUNI.—Operatic Extravaganza by Alfred Thompson.

GAIETY.—Miss E. FARREN, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini. Full Company, Ballet, and Chorus.

MR. CRESWICK'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.—The private and professional friends of Mr. Creswick, having arranged to give him a Complimentary Benefit previous to his departure for the United States, beg to announce that it will take place on SATURDAY MORNING, July 30th, at the GAIETY THEATRE, supported by the leading members of the profession.—C. V. Boys and J. W. Anson, Honorary Secretaries, 20, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

GAIETY.—Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. No fees.—Box-office open ten to five.

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ST. JAMES'S. — TO-NIGHT.—Mr. J. CLARKE, who has been specially engaged for a limited number of nights, will appear for the 6th time as PAUL PRY, and will repeat his famous performance of Gaiters in THE BONNIE FISHWIFE.

ST. JAMES'S.—Programme for TO-NIGHT.—At 7.30, AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Messrs. Shore and Murray. At 8, PAUL PRY (30th time). Miss Hughes (with the song "Cherry Ripe"), Misses Larkin, Bishop Stafford, and Brennan; Messrs. William Farren, Shore, Vollaire, Murray, Grainger, and J. Clarke. At 10, THE BONNIE FISHWIFE. Mr. J. Clarke as Gaiters (his original part), with a new Scotch song; Messrs. Murray and Grainger. Miss Hughes as Maggie Macfarlane, with a new song, "The Nightingale and Rose," and "Caller Herrings."—TO-NIGHT.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft).—A new and original Comedy, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "School," "Play," "Caste," "Ours," and "Society," called "M.P.," will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight, by Mr. Hare, Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Addison, Mr. Glover, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Collette, and Mr. Bancroft; Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Marie Wilton. Act I. The Candidates. Act II. The Addresses. Act III. The Sale. Act IV. The Poll. New scenery, by Hawes Craven. At half-past seven, DEAREST MAMMA. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Addison, Collette, Terriss, and Montgomery; Mesdames Buckingham White, Augusta and Blanche Wilton. Box-office hours 11 till 5.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, the new Farce, by F. Hay, CUPBOARD LOVE. Messrs. H. Elton, C. Garthorne, and Miss L. Claire. TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, J. Beauclerc, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

QUEEN'S.—"TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—155th time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.- LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING (Saturday) July 23, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—THIS EVENING will be produced the celebrated comedy of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Characters supported by the following powerful cast: Messrs. E. Terry, H. Wall (his first appearance), H. Crouch, C. Fenton, W. Joyce, Wallace, Herbert, Burnett, Chamberlain, and David James. Mesdames Ada Swanborough, E. Bufton, F. Hughes, and E. Fowler (her first appearance at this theatre). The doors will be open at half-past six, comedy commence at seven. Secure your seats at the Box-office, or at the Libraries.

MISS ELISE HOLT, having returned from her immensely successful tour in America, will appear as the EARL DARNLEY in the great burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

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N.B.—The History is the result of the accumulation of many years, and the labour of many months. No fewer than 170 Authorities have been consulted and are cited.

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